The Family Circle.

A HYMN OF TRUST. Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient Strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies? Our cross and trials do but press The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still, And wait in cheerful hope, content To take whate'er His gracious will, His all-discerning love has sent; Nor doubt our inmost wants are known To Him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best, He sends them as He sees it meet; When thou hast borne its fiery test, And now art freed from all deceit, He comes to thee all unaware, And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife, Think God hath cast thee off unheard; Nor that the man whose prosperous life Thou enviest, is of him preferred; Time passes, and much change doth bring, And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before his face;
'Tis easy to our God Most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still of him are wrought,
Who setteth up and branks to naught.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways, But do thine own part faithfully; Trust His rich promises of grace, So shall it be fulfilled in thee; God never yet forsook at need The soul that trusted Him indeed. -From the German

NATHIE'S KNITTING-NEEDLE-A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

Mr. Spencer thought his little boy Nathie was always under his feet going out or coming in, he was in danger of stepping upon the child. Priscilla, the kitchen girl, thought he was always out of doors, for his little shoes were usually thick with mud, and his frocks and pinafores were nightly candidates for the wash-tub.

His mother, on the other hand, de clared that he spent his time chiefly soned and pleaded with the little piece in the house; for nothing went on of obstinacy, who still declared, with from parlor to kitchen, from attic to not a whit the less vehemence, "Wocellar, without his knowledge and man down to jail-house gave it to me, consent. There was not a pie-par- now she did." ticularly a mince-pie—into which he did not try to have a finger.

He was seldom quiet for two minutes in succession; but perhaps his little brain moved as fast as his feet, for he often exclaimed, "O, mamma, · I've been a thinking!"

Then followed a torrent of droll questions: "Who made the spiders? Why?" "Which did God love best, ugly spiders, or sweet little cunning caterpillars? Why?" "Were angels spirits? Then how did they get into the bottle?" (Spirits of turpentine.) "What made folks say Holy Bible? Dictionary? Why not?"

Nathie's babyhood had been very delicate; and for this reason his parents rejoiced greatly over his present fine health and sprightliness. They gladly suffered the consequences of all his innocent mischief, and allowed him of human nature, racked his shrewd to bake sand pies, explore potato hills, and tear his frocks into ribbons.

something to do, he would rush into the house, and sigh out, "O what shall I do to make me happy?"

Such an appeal was irresistible. His indulgent mother was sure to of denial. leave her mending or pickling, and proceed at once to the business of making her little boy happy. One day-and now we come to our

story, which is a true one—he was much attracted by four bright knit. Nathie to recover his composure. ting-kneedles dancing in his mother's

to play with, but to keep for always?" may be telling the truth?"

Perhaps there was floating in his Mrs. Spencer shook he mind some bright vision of a very pe- credulously. "It was so very improculiar fish-hook, which he meant to bable that any woman should have pose, and mouse, and fly can breathe, make for the purpose of prying little given him a knitting-needle; one, too, and move its heart, and wink without frogs out of the brook. Or it may be of precisely the same size as the first he intended to use the knitting-needle one. as a kind of pick-axe, with which to dig his way through to China.

At any rate, he was eager for a "stocking-needle," and his mother found an old one and gave it to him, received his present with a shout, and | done." was perfectly happy for at least five minutes.

Presently his father proposed to take him out for a walk, and Nathie it is even so! Mrs. Jenkins, the started off in high spirits.

pocket?" said his careful mamma. ably while I was talking with Mr. $\overline{\text{"My}}$ little boy must not take it out of Baker about the drain." the house."

in his pocket, it wasn't anywhere, it to express. was all gone."

had been to the jail-house, where they failing her."

locked folks up; saw mens in there, | saw a man make shoes."

His mother interrupted him at full tide: "Where had he found his knit- martyr!"-Congregationalist. ting-needle?" For he held it firmly

clutched in his chubby fingers.
"Didn't find it," replied the child;
"it's all in the ground."

"Why, no, dear, you are holding it in your hand."
"O, no, mamma," said Nathie, hesitating; "if you could look in the ground, you'd see my needle. This

isn't *that* one." "Why, Nathie!" replied his mother, quite shocked; "how can you tell me such a wrong, wrong story?"

"I didn't, mamma." "Yes, you carried this needle off in your pocket, just as I told you not to do, and so you disobeyed me. You said it was all gone, Nathie, and it wasn't, and that was one wrong story; and now you say this is not the needle I gave you, so that makes two wrong stories. O, Nathie, Nathie!"

The child has never before attempted to deceive.

'O, mamma," said he, winking very fast, "I never! I never! I tell you, mamma, I never! The needle's in the ground."

"Well, then, where did you find this one?"

"I don't know. I didn't find it. Woman gave it to me."

"A woman? Where?" "Down to jail-house, I guess," replied Nathan, apparently making up a third story, with which to cover the other two.

Mr. Spencer now left the room. thinking the child might "come to himself" sooner if left alone with his mother.

"Nathie, come sit in my lap. Now don't be afraid, but tell mother the whole truth. God is looking right at you, my son, the good God who loves little children. If you tell a black lie, O, how displeased he will be."

"I never," persisted the child, fixing his brown eyes on the carpet. "Woman down to jail-house gave me stocking-needle, now she did.

For nearly an hour the mother rea-

All the while the father, heavy hearted, was walking the floor of his

"What shall I do?" said the poor mother, entering the room pale with anxiety, and gazing wistfully into her husband's face. "If you will tell me what course to pursue next, I will be thankful. I have appealed to his conscience, his affections, and his fears, but the boy stands his ground like a rock."

"It is not likely I shall succeed where his mother fails," said Mr. Spencer; "but I will make the effort." He did, and with no better result. O, yes, he knew what holy meant, of course he did—it meant the whole of For a boy who had never told a falseit—the whole of the Bible. Then | hood before, Nathie was wonderfully wasn't the big dictionary the Wholly persistent. The truth seemed to be locked up in that tender little breast as in an iron safe. If there was really a key which could open the lock, that key had not yet been found.

Mr. Spencer, who was a lawyer of remarkable judgment and knowledge brain to imagine what motive the child could have for persisting in his When he was at his wits' end for absurd story. It must be because he is too proud to recant.

Sobbing, panting for breath, and painfully excited, the little boy still poured with tears the same eager words

"No; he never did put the needle in his pocket; it was all gone in the ground," etc.

It was thought best to drop the matter for the present, and to allow

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Spencer sud-"Couldn't he have one of those down stairs by Priscilla, "do you not have told you how to make your long, shiny things his own self? Not know it is barely possible that the boy heart beat, or how to breathe, or how

Mrs. Spencer shook her head in-

"It is indeed improbable, replied her husband, "but in court, if but a faint doubt is raised, we give the criminal the benefit of that doubt. I

What was Mrs. Spencer's surprise, apon her husband's return, to hear him say, with much emotion, "Well jailor's mother, says she did give Na-"Is that knitting-needle in your thie a knitting-needle! It was prob-

"How thankful I am!" cried Mrs. Nathie protested that "It wasn't Spencer, with a joy she had no words

"And I can assure you that I am Mrs. Spencer wondered how the too. I only wish I had gone there in exquisite patterns were engraved upon little one could bear such a serious season to spare all this distress. Mrs. them all. loss so cheerfully, but supposed he Jenkins says the little fellow told such was consoled by the prospect of a a pitiful story about losing a needle, walk, for he had a great partiality for that she gave him a stray one, and "breathing the fleshly air,"-meaning | that was the last she thought about it. | we will think about it," replied his Indeed, by to-morrow she might have uncle. When Nathie returned, he had been unable to recall the circumstance wonders to relate. "He and Papa at all; for her memory, you know, is

locked folks up; saw mens in there, "Why didn't I give Nathie the besaw womens, heard somebody sing, nefit or the doubt in the first place?" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. "I must go now and dry his tears. Poor little

> WONDERS IN FAMILIAR THINGS. "How clever you are, uncle!" said

Harry, gravely. "You know every thing, almost; don't you?"

"No indeed, Harry,' exclaimed
Mr. Forrester, laughing. "If you knew
as much as I do, and a little more, you

would be surprised to find that you really knew hardly anything at all."
"Should I?" asked Harry, incred-

"Yes, we are surrounded with won ders which we cannot explain or understand. The commonest every day matters are far beyond our com-prehension. We will take something very simple; something which I dare say you have fancied you understood yourself. Come here. Now, how did

you come?' "I walked," said Harry, laughing. "What walked?" asked his uncle. "My legs and my feet; they carried

"How did they know that you wanted to be carried here?"

"I told them?" "How did you tell them?" Harry stared at Mr. Forrester, then

at his feet, and looked puzzled. "You did not speak to them, and they have no ears to hear you if you Now bend your little finger. How did you do that?"

"Oh, do tell me how it is, uncle! I don't know a bit."

"The wisest man in England cannot tell you, my boy," replied his uncle. "We have good reason to believe that the part of you which thinks, your mind, and your will, are in your head, and that you send messages from your head to your legs, if you want to waik or sit down; to your hands, if you wish to take hold of something; to your tongue if you wish Gray's family was large, and she kept to speak; but how the message is sent, no servant. Georgia made the yeast, no one knows. It is believed to be done by a sort of telegraph, lightning being the messenger; and some doctors think they have found out the telegraph wires—nerves which extend its way, and how it gives orders and see to the fire; my hands are in the makes them understood, will probably never be discovered in this world."

"Shall we know it all in heaven?"

asked Harry. "Perhaps we may," replied Mr. For-rester. "I think we shall know a great deal there which is quite beyond cept loving and praising God for His you stay here to help me."
goodness to us."
"Yes, mother," was the obedient

very solemn.

to think about it. Do my eyes wink grown daughters, as it did when she of themselves?"

wink to spread a little moisture over your eyes, that they may not get too had not rightly trained her girls; but time." dry. How troublesome it would be to you, if you had to remember to wink their mother's mistake. They knew every time you needed it, or if you had to learn how to do it! A poor was; but they did not seem to realize, baby would become blind before it as everybody else did, that unless she could learn to wink."

"Yes, I know babies can wink, said Harry. "My baby sister winked famously when she was only a week old. Is there anything else we can do without thinking, uncle?"

"Indeed there is, Harry. In that small body of yours, a great deal goes on, of which you think little and know less. If God had only made you and done no more, you must have denly, as the wretched child was led died directly. The wisest man could to grow into a man."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Har-"And every dog and cat, I supany trouble!"

"Flies cannot wink," said Mr. Forrester, smiling. "They have no eyelids; but they are nevertheless as wonderfully made as we are. You shall look through my microscope believe we will treat our little boy as some day, and you will see that there with the caution not to put out his generously as we treat prisoners at the is nothing too small to be beautifully eves with it, and by no means to stick bar. I will go down to the jail and and perfectly formed, and suited to its it into his ears. Nathie promised care, inquire into the matter; that is easily place in the world. Some of the most exquisite little animals I ever saw, are smaller than a grain of fine dust."

"How could you see them, uncle?"

said Harry. when it was put under the microscope, I could see a number of forms,—some like exquisite little silver breakfastplates, some sauce-boats with a spout I do not now remember. The most

"Oh, when may I see them?" asked Harry eagerly. "When the long winter nights come,

To ejaculate "God help the poor," is one of the cheapest of charities.

THE OLD OAKEN CRADLE.

Electric they shimmer on mem'ry's warm

sky,— The maple-fringed river, the hills grand and solemn,
And all the dear haunts in the forest near by; deem these fresh views on the Past's panorama
As sweetest of all the enchantments of

earth,— The ancient red house, in which Life's devious Commenced in the cradle which stood by the

The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle, The high-posted cradle which stood by the

Near two generations from earth have departed Since home in high state this quaint cradle was brought,
Attesting the advent of one who, light-hearted,
Gave joy pure and holy, of sad sorrow

Dear relic of dream-days! what rest have you granted
To mother and infant, when hushed was his How grateful was sleep when the babe for it

panted; boon is the cradle which stands by the hearth! The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high-posted cradle which stands by the

Not all mem'ry's promptings of by-gones that Are free from a sadness made sacred by

space,— Since angels led two from our home,—and forever Seraphic beheld they Immanuel's face; And we who remain, from those scene are all

But never forget we the place of our birth: The light of our mem'ry, in realms reminiscent, Reveals the staid cradle which stood by the The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn

The high-posted cradle which stood by the -Edward P. Nowell.

GIRLS, HELP YOUR MOTHER. Georgia, come and make some yeast," said Mrs. Gray to her daughter. It was Saturday morning, and there was a great deal to be done; for Mrs. no servant. Georgia made the yeast, and then left the kitchen and went to

which had been sent to her. "Georgia! Georgia!" said her busy mother several times; but there was from the head all over the body; but no Georgia to be found. She then how the lightning is sent, how it finds tried Jane. "Here, Jane, come and dough. I wish you wouldn't all get off out of sight and hearing when there is so much to do. What is

Agnes about?" "Finishing the boot-mark," was the

"Go and tell her to put that right our powers of comprehension on away, and sweep the parlor and set it earth. But we are not told in the to rights. Find Georgia, and tell her Bible what we shall do in fleaven, ex- to do up the chamber-work, and do:

oodness to us."

Harry stood for some time in silence reply.

The girls all obeyed their mother's thought of doing

purpose; but when I wink my eyes, | years of age, feeble and weary, and I do not know it before, unless I try the mother of three healthy, fullwas in her prime, with a band of little "They do, my boy. Your eyelids ones around her. Perhaps the first they were old enough now to amend very well how miserable her health could be quite relieved from care and Every day she groaned with weariness, and at night and in the morning her limbs were so stiff that she-could hardly bend them.

"Mother, why in the world don't you make the girls do more?" asked her husband almost every day of his life; and as often Mrs. Gray replied, 'O, they do a great deal, they are always willing to do all I ask them.

her children to the last. they were not always ready.

"Come, Jennie, it is almost six o'clock," Mrs. Gray would say. "Yes, in a minute." In ten, fifteen,

or twenty minutes, Mrs. Gray would speak again.

"Yes, mother, I am just going." But it would sometimes be nearly dark before there would be any actual would be home from their day's work, hungry and of course cross, when they saw that the supper was behindhand. Poor Mrs. Gray was so tired of perpetually repeating directions, how utterly changed would have been their condact! But no one of us can with livid spots under the eyes. He see for a moment before us.

more. She died; but had she been man! I know also what you will Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recall cared for and cherished as she should have. Already you have been twice have been, she might have been the at death's door; and the gin will not companion and comforter of her hus- drive off that chill. You will have band and her children for many happy typhus fever and death. years. When they saw the tired feet at rest, the worn hands folded, the cleaned in the slop-tub under the bardim eyes closed at last, self-reproach shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up, took hold on them, and they wept cigar in hand. "Gentlemen, what will They felt that they might have kept her. They remembered all their lazy, myself. The baker there will have an careless ways, and how worn-out with apoplexy or a sudden fall in his shop. care and toil they had allowed their That tailor with green glasses will mother to become. Every groan they have consumption; and I fear the morse for all they had failed to do. our refuse drunkards. The weeks and months only showed them more and more plainly what place Mr. Scanting, the cooper. Not they had lost and how guilty they had to speak of himself, I have reason to been. But it was too late to make believe that both of his grown sons atonement. All they could do was to lay the lesson to heart and try to imabout him suspiciously. Now he

> If any girls who are walking in the ways of the Gray girls will but take warning by their punishment, they may perhaps escape a similar one. There are few agonies more hard to bear than to look on a dead face, more near and dear, and feel that our treat-God save us all from that!—Springfield have an early death. Republican.

THE NEW WIFE.

Mr. — was a professor of religion, and was considered quite a good man. He had the misfortune to lose his wife, who was also pious. Having a large family of children, he found it creases. The barkeeper has an assistnecessary to marry a second wife. He chose one that had moved in high life, but nearly all of whose relatives rejected the doctrines of evangelical reli-

Mr. — did not mean to be irreligious, but he thought too much religion would not please his wife or her friends, and for this reason he neglected family worship and other Christian duties. her chamber to read in a new novel

One night, a short time after their marriage, when he and his wife had retired to rest, she said to him:

"Mr. —, I thought, when I married you, I was marrying a Christian." "Why, my dear wife, do you doubt my being a Christian?"

"Yes, sir, I do." "What reason have I given you to think so?"

" Because, sir, a Christian prays with his family, and you do not? His reply was, "I thought that the eading of the Bible and prayer would be unpleasant and selection to one that had been reared under such an innuence and moved in such a circle as

you have." "Sir, you have nothing to do with bending his little finger now and then, and winking his eyes and looking orders. They never thought of doing duty as a Christian. It is true I have otherwise; but they never thought of moved in such a circle as you have "Uncle," said he at length, "when doing anything without orders. The described; but I have been influenced by a different one. I do believe in remean, uncle, that I make it bend on their mother now, when she was fifty ligion, and I do love to see professors

faithful and consistent." Her husband said to her, "As it is your wish, I will erect a family altar and for general female society, the to-morrow morning."

"Will you wait until morning? We fault had been her own; perhaps she may both of us be in hell before that

> "Why, my dear wife, are you willing to rise to read the Bible and pray?" "Certainly I am." Accordingly they arose and dressed,

word, and knelt in prayer; and when labor, her life would soon be over. he had prayed, his wife was ready to pray. The minister was afterwards shows itself in all private and family inquiring of this brother how he got along with the family altar. His reply was, "By the grace of God, it has never gone down since my wife and I erected it that night."

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE? They are a great help to me." Just and copying, I was under the necessity some subject for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I

sighed and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two or three approached move, and the father and brothers his shrine to receive and empty his glasses, and deposit their sixpences, I you have?" "Brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the vic-"I saw a little round glass, smaller and of the effort of causing them to time severally made their bids, as the than a sixpence, with a morsel of dust be seasonably and properly carried case might be. The constant repetion a tiny spot in the middle; and, out, that she often did the work her- tion of the "form in that case made self, when she felt hardly able to and provided," set me upon a drowsy crawl, rather than try to get the girls meditation on the question, "What to do it. O, how thoughtless and un will you have?" "Methinks I can feeling those daughters were! They answer the question," said I to myself, but no handle, and many others which quietly allowed the mother to do all as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young that she would; but they were rewarded. They loved their mother, shoemaker, who with a pair of newly-finished boots is asking for "grog." What will you have? Young man, one glance a few months forward, you will soon have an empty pocket. There is a trembling, ragged man,

is a machinist, and has lodgings in the Suddenly the devoted mother was house. What will you have? Ah!

had heard her utter came back to three idlers in their train will have them, and they were filled with re- the next epidemic that shall sweep off

Sorry, indeed, am I to see in this prove by it. This they all did, and plucks up courage. He takes whisky.

they cherished the memory of their dead mother as they had never cherished her.

You will have a pair of drunken sons.

That young fellow in the green frock coat and colored neckcloth is a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a heart broken wife.

What! is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is, and he tosses off ment has hastened the parting hour. his cogniac with an air. You will

The old man that has tottered out of the door has doubtless come hither to drown his grief. His last son has died from the effects of a brawl in a theatre. Wretched old man! You

will have the halter of a suicide. I must take the rest in mass, for it ant in the person of a pale, sorrowful girl. Two voices now reiterate the challenge, "What will you have?"
Misguided friends! I am greatly afraid
you will have a death-bed without

My man has arrived. As I walked home across the common, I thought thus: "And what will you have, who, day after day and year after year, dealt out the devil's bounty to his recruits, and received his sixpences, as it were, over the coffins of his victims? You, hardened tempter! (if memory live hereafter,) will have the recollection of your triumphs and the vision of their eternal results! You will have a terrible judgment, and an eternity of such retribution as befits your life."—Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.

THE AMERICAN WOMEN.

The June number of Hours at Home has an article on "How to Treat our Wives," which those who think that love is not an opential element of true marriage will do well to read. The article is too long for insertion in our paper. The following are the closing paragraphs:

The American woman is what the American man requires her to be, and what the American institutions and influences enable her to be. There is constant and fruitful effort on the part of men to secure for their daughters, best advantages for education and culture; and these same men do this with wives in their homes who are treated little better than housekeepers. They are not regarded as partners; they are not treated as intimate and confidential companions. Equality of position, identity of interest, commuthe husband read a portion of God's nity of sins, affectionate and considerate tenderness and respectfulness of demeanor, thorough sympathy that intercourse, certainly do not prevail between American husbands and wives, when regarded in the aggregate. Some will be disposed to deny this who only see life under some of its more favored phases; but those who are acquainted with all classes, in the city and country, cannot fail to recognize After a day's work of calculation the truthfulness of the statement. Women are denied the sympathy and like a mother! She can always be of waiting an hour in the tap-room of society of their husbands to a shamewoefully imposed upon. She'll shield a tavern, to secure the services of a ful extent. They are kept in a posimail-guard, who was to carry a parcel tion of dependence, and made to feel The Gray girls were always willing for my employers. Amid the smoke, their dependence; they are made to to do what their mother bade; but the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd ask for money for their personal use, of inn-haunters, I could not but find and compelled to feel like mendicants in doing it. There are multitudes of wives, supposed to be well married, who never approach their husbands for money without a sense of humiliation. Now any man who compels the woman of his love to do this, insults her womanhood, degrades her, denies essentially his marriage vows, and does his best to kill out her respect for him, and to make the conheard the short, peremptory formula nubial bond an irksome one. A wife of the bacchanal minister, "What will who is made to feel that she is a begwho is made to feel that she is a beggar, is no longer a wife, except in name. A wife who is compelled to feel that she has no rights except

> OLD AGE.—Old age is a public good. Do not feel sad because you are old. Whenever you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, no one ever honors you with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow feeling with the age ripens the soul.

> those which her husband accords to

her from hour to hour, loses her re-

spect, and becomes a menial in feeling

and in fact.

missing from her post in the kitchen. the barkeeper knows without an an- morals, and it is as much your duty She was to be waiter and drudge no swer; he takes gin and water. Poor as your interest to practice in both.